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1889



Original Poems

— BY —

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SIMPSON LUTES, M.D.



ORIGINAL POEMS

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By SIMPSON LUTES, M. D.

PREFACE.

IN presenting the few following poems to the public, The Author wishes to say that they are the productions of a very short space of time, and that he is not a classical scholar; and being, therefore, debarred from prose writing, he has, from necessity, written poetry. Hoping the reader will bear in mind that—

Where but little is given but little's required,
And folly with most of our people's desired,

he leaves the work to your earnest consideration.

S. L.

(3)

ORIGINAL POEMS.

POETS.

THE poets' field hath long been tilled
By poets now and past ;
But yet the soil produces good,
And will until the last.

Rob Burns was one among the best
I ever yet have known ;
But Milton for imagining,
There is no such a one.

Shakespeare, a mighty man was he,
With human nature played,
And seldom, if he e'er in life,
From reason's center strayed.

There's one they call Longfellow—
He's hard to get in rhyme—
But he was, yea, so wonderful,
His works will die with Time.

DID YOU KNOW.

There's Lowell and there's Whittier—
Americans they are—
One held the light for Freedom's march,
The other held the Bear.

There's Scott, and Moore, and plenty more
We have not space to name.
I hope the poets may do well,
All others do the same.

DID YOU KNOW?

YOUNG man, did you know, when you travel
abroad,
That your face is all you need show;
That you need not to carry your record from home,
No matter how far you may go?

Did you know that your actions will tell of your worth,
Despite any thing you may say?
Did you know from your features we judge of your age,
And probably guess to a day?

Did you know that a liar, at home or abroad,
Was never believed when he spoke;
That the truth he may tell is ruined thereby,
Considered a fairy or joke?

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Did you know that a man who tries to deceive
Is a man that is shortly found out ;
That the truth from his lips is never believed,
And all men of him have a doubt ?

Did you know that the way you start out in life
Is the way that you always will run ?
That there is no changing your record with men ?
It can not—no, never—be done.

Did you know that the way to succeed well in life
Is to always deal punctual and fair,
And to trust only such as their records do show
That they do the same every-where ?



THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

YOUNG man, you should choose your vocation in
life,
'Gainst you're twenty.
If you'll do as you should in this battle of strife,
You'll have plenty ;
Yes, and something to spare.

If your father is poor, it's a blessing to you ;
You will learn

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Not to depend upon others for help and support,
But to earn
All you get in the world.

You may travel a year or so, if you choose,
Just to learn
The ways of the people, the country, and news,
Then return
And select what may suit you best.

Do n't scatter your mind and your labor about.
It won't pay.
Commence just one thing, and then carry it out.
That's the way
Great fortunes are made.

If a farmer, you'd better commence pretty soon.
If you win
I'd advise you not wait on the stage of the moon
To begin,
For it might bring your harvest too late.

If any profession or trade you would suit,
Think it out.
Draw higher than the mark which you're aiming to shoot,
For no doubt
That your balls in such distance may lower.

The professions are thronged at the foot of the class,
This won't pay.

REFLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

But if you press on, and this multitude pass
On your way,
You'll succeed, never doubt.

You need not expect to grow rich in a year—
It takes time.
It is step by step that you come from the rear.
Though sublime,
You will win in the end.



REFLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

I LOOK on the present with sadness,
I look on the past with regret,
When I count the long years I have lived through,
And nothing accomplished as yet.

When I turn to some page in my memory
Of the days of my childhood that's flown,
I regret that I can not recall them
And claim them again as my own.

For the happiest days of my being
Were spent in the orchard and brook,
When I made flutter mills in the rivulets,
And fished out the craws with a hook.

MEMORY.

O Time, thou hast robbed me so cruel,
Thou hast taken these pleasures away ;
Too bright were they, yes, to be lasting,
Too innocent things for to stay.

Since thou hast refused to recall them,
Give me in my slumbers at night
The presence of children around me,
The joys of a childish delight.

Then I will awake in the morning,
Refreshed for the toils of the day,
For I'm only content when I'm busy ;
This hastens the moments away.

Since life is not beauty but duty,
And pleasure is vanity's spoil,
Then give me some useful employment,
And I will be willing to toil.



MEMORY.

MEMORY'S flower, the sweetest rose
That brings to mind the great repose,
That withers not while e'er we live,
That calls to mind the ones we love ;
Of those that're gone she tells us yet
Of what has been, we don't forget.

MEMORY.

Friend by friend they drop aside,
Youthful blossoms must divide ;
Sisters, brothers pass away,
Yet their image with us stay ;
This the sweetest thing of all,
When their image we recall.

Memory tells us where we've come,
What we are and what we've done,
Shows from countless millions past
That we here can not long last,
Whispers silently and low,
People die as people grow.
Brings before our vision's sight
Day of sunshine, darkest night ;
Calls us back to childhood's hours,
Where our paths were strewn with flowers,
Where our limbs in sportive plays
Cheered the hours, caressed the days
Pictures summer flowers that're flown
In the sunny days that're gone.
Sorrow now or bliss may be
Only adds to memory.

SHORT METHOD OF MULTIPLICATION.

AS riddles puzzle young and old,
I have a riddle to unfold;
A riddle that is worth your time
It takes to get it out of rhyme.
Since many times we have to wait
For pencil, paper, book, or slate,
Before the product we can find
Of numbers small that 're in our mind.
I will endeavor now to show
The way to count them as you go.
This rule's for children more than men,
It runs from ninety-nine to ten.
The units of the numbers may
Be one or two or any way,
But tens must be the same with each
If a true product you would reach.
Suppose two numbers now are given—
Say twenty-six and twenty-seven—
Now multiply the seven by six,
And in your mind the product fix.
Just forty-two you say you have;
The two you keep, the four you give—
Because tens won't associate
With units small or hundreds great.
Now add the units column given—
The six you add to neighbor seven;

PROOF OF THE DEITY.

The sum of this you multiply
By two, the tens before your eye ;
Then add the four you saved for this,
And thirty, then, the sum won't miss.
The nought will represent the place
That tens will show in product's face
Then multiply your two by two,
Then add your three, that's all you do.

PROOF OF THE DEITY.

GOD hath given earth its creatures,
Clothed the land with verdant flowers,
Spread the waters for the ocean,
Formed the leaves for shady bowers ;
All were formed to serve a purpose,
Myriad scenes in nature given,
And the earth is warmed and lighted
From the firmaments of heaven.

In an algebraic problem
We must seek for the unknown,
From the light that figures give us
In the problem that is shown ;
O, then, why deny thy Maker,
Who hath made his figures plain ?
Here's the problem, here's the answer,
Here is earth and here is man.

DEPENDENT, MADE SO BY WHISKY.

We may differ in religion,
Yet an honest purpose serve ;
We may have a deep conviction
For a thing we can not prove ;
But we have a living witness
Always here to testify
Of the wisdom and the power
Of the God that rules on high.

DEPENDENT, MADE SO BY WHISKY.

WHEN the winter winds sweep o'er the timberless
plains
And howl through the hills and ravines,
And the nightfall's black cap o'er the nation is drawn
With its snow-storms in varying scenes,
And the family is gathered around the bright blaze
With the wants of the season at hand,
In their mansions or cottages modernly built,
Do they think of the poor in the land?

When they kneel at the family altar of prayer
And the blessings of heaven implore,
And they ask of the Giver from whom all receive
For health and a bountiful store,
Do they know that a bountiful store has been given
To supply every creature that lives,

DEPENDENT, MADE SO BY WHISKY.

That the craft of man from the widow has taken
Her substance that Providence gives?

Perhaps there's some children quite near us to-night
Who are crying from hunger and cold,
That the substance allotted by Nature to them
For rum or for whisky was sold.
Perhaps they are orphans, their father is dead;
He was slain in the rum-seller's den,
Where a demon stands back, with his bloodshot eyes,
To destroy this great nation's young men.

O Father of Hosts, not in thee is the fault,
Nor to thee need we go for relief;
Tis with us to disperse from our land and our homes
This national curse, with its grief.
Then the youth will go forth from his parents and home
With the vigor of body and mind;
Still snares may be set to beguile him away,
Yet the road unto right he may find.

I pity the mother whose tear-swollen eyes
Long since have been dried by her grief,
Who weeps o'er the loss of a husband or son,
Yet her sorrow affords no relief;
And I pity the criminal in fetters and chains,
Who must from his family go,
To avenge a disastrous deed he has done
To a friend instead of a foe.

HOW WE SHOULD TEACH CHILDREN.

When Hamilton fell by the duelist's shot
A national lesson was learned ;
The knowledge was costly, with blood it was bought,
And popular feeling was turned.
But thousands have fallen from then until now
From the curse of the rum-seller's cup ;
Yet, instead of raising our voices on this,
We oft with the drunkard do sup.

There is danger ahead ; there is danger ahead !
Let us pause, let us ponder and see
If part of our race should be starving for bread,
While the rest are taking a spree.
'Tis a question of time with our people to-day,
How long such a thing shall endure,
And the statesmen or party who slight us in this
Need not ask us to lead them to power.

HOW WE SHOULD TEACH CHILDREN.

LET us speak, in teaching children,
What we know to be the truth ;
Then no false or foolish ideas
Will be planted in the youth.

Questions that are undecided,
Give them but a passing hand ;

HOW WE SHOULD TEACH CHILDREN.

When great men are so divided,
Who knows best to understand.

Do not teach by simply saying
God rules all things here below—
This does not inspire the reason
How and why these things are so.

Teach them something of Dame Nature,
So that they may understand
How that every plant and creature
Lives and dies upon the land.

Teach them how, from decayed bodies,
Things anew are made to grow;
That the losses all sustaineth
Will to something living go.

Teach them that they have no power
To create, or to destroy
What creation's dawn hath given;
We can still her charms enjoy.

Then with all these things before them,
Disciplined within their minds,
They can better know to reason
Of the power that lies behind.

Few are they whose minds are open,
And are willing to accept
Facts which man has ably proven,
Secrets God has never kept.

THE OLD LADY'S STOVE.

THE OLD LADY'S STOVE.

ONCE knew a woman,
She was a man's wife ;
She had cooked in the skillet
All the best of her life.
But to satisfy the cravings
Of a longing will,
She bought her a stove
And a coffee-mill.

It was evening, quite late,
When the stove was brought in ;
She smiled and she laughed
And she also did grin.
She set up her stove,
And she put in the fire ;
The smoke from the pipe
It went higher and higher.
Another such a sight
I never saw in my life ;
She looked more like a maiden
Than an old man's wife.

Though we'd all been to supper,
She cooked it again ;
She baked forty biscuits
In the large stove pan.

THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.

She jerked up a chicken
And wrung off its head ;
This she made into soup
For to eat with her bread.
She ground her coffee,
And soon it did boil,
And she called us to supper
Ere the biscuit should spoil.
We all went back
The old lady to greet ;
And a heartier supper
I never did eat.

Rich man, you may boast
Of your millions in gold,
Of your real estate,
And your wealth that's untold ;
But you never will feel,
In your days of swift flight,
So happy an hour
As that woman that night.



THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.

I COMMENCED drinking whisky when I was but a
boy ;

I drank whisky then to see fun and have joy.
I was the jolliest fellow you ever did see,
And sometimes I stopped to ask, " Is it me ?"

THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.

Though I had from my labor my living to save,
My stomach would tell me more whisky I crave.
So I saw Jim, Henry, and also Sam ;
Said I, " Hello, boys ; let's have a dram."

Thus I treated my friends as they thus came along,
As I thought myself able, willing and strong,
To do all for my neighbors they ever should ask,
Nor deem it a burden nor think it a task.

I married a wife near the start of my drink,
But not to disgrace her as then did I think.
The fairest of creatures on earth was she—
Or at least it so happened she seemed so to me.

She tried to persuade me to leave off my cup ;
Despite of her pleadings I would of it sup.
I had created such a thirst for this villainous stuff,
I never could tell when I had just enough.

In poverty and misery my wife she soon came,
She could not even boast of her fair maiden name ;
Two children she had in wretched disgrace,
A shame to herself and a curse to her race.

One night in December I homeward did go,
Reeling my steps, over ice, over snow ;
I reached the log cabin where my family did breathe,
And not one of them living did I that night leave

I was arrested next morning, was taken to jail ;
The judge told the court to allow me no bail.

MALONEY'S EXPERIENCE.

I was tried shortly afterward, sentenced to come
To the place where I'm now in my horrible home.

Young man, O take warning from me and my fate ;
And now is the time, before it's too late.
For if you pursue the same road I have come,
You will find when too late that you don't like your
home.

Young lady, young lady, a lesson to you,
Whose eyes are as bright as the sparkling dew ;
Do n't marry a man that drinks whisky at all,
For it ruins so many that it may ruin all.



MALONEY'S EXPERIENCE.

MACKINLEY MALONEY was a man
Of acute sense and hearing.
Though all he said was not believed,
He was not overbearing.

He was a poor old honest man,
Who labored for his living ;
He worked six days in every week,
And sometimes Sunday saving.

He ran a quite expensive firm,
This he had the name of bossing ;

MALONEY'S EXPERIENCE.

Yet despite the old man's government,
They sometimes would be fussing.

As he was slumbering one night—
Perhaps 't was in December—
Great visions came into his sight,
That he doth yet remember.

I heard him tell his dream next day.
He'd always been a sinner ;
But he was a preacher, then—
And that, too, before dinner.

He said, a precipice of height
He was near going over ;
There was no place for him to light,
'T was down and down forever.

He saw a monster at the brink ;
His eyes were shining brightly.
This was the only light he saw ;
The rest was dark and nightly.

He then could see no place to leave,
The stream was deep and narrow ;
Old Satan took him by the sleeve,
And said, " With you 't is horror."

At this he jumped from off his bed,
His portion then was woe ;
Awoke and rubbed his eyes, and said,
" I'll preach where'er I go."

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT, O contentment,
I've chased thee far and long ;
I've sought thee when in solitude,
I've sought thee in the throng ;
I've sought thee in proud circles,
Where lovely youth was gay ;
I've sought thee in my labors,
I've sought thee in my play.
And many times I've grasped for thee,
And fancied thou wast there ;
But like the ghost you vanished,
And left me in despair.

The rich have failed to find thee,
When riches they've achieved ;
And yet they are still pursuing thee,
Yet worst of all deceived.
For in their haste for greatness
They pass thee swiftly by ;
Go farther from thee every day,
Until at length they die.

The poor can never see thy form,
So far and yet so near.
Dependent ones around them cling,
So precious and so dear.

CONTENTMENT.

In toils and cares they day by day
Provide their daily bread.
For prudence says, while children live
They must be clothed and fed.

The tourists cross the mighty deep
Thy presence for to know ;
They climb the Alps of Switzerland,
And view the ice and snow.
But when they reach the summit,
Thou art upon the plain ;
And when they 're in the valley low,
Thou hast removed again.

The youth to whom thou closest lives
Acquainted with thee's not,
And longs for thee in manhood's days,
In some far distant spot.
But when this gate is entered
He finds thou art behind,
Among the little children,
So loving and so kind.

The statesman climbs the ladder
Of greatness and of fame ;
He aims to reach the topmost round,
And write thereon his name.
Too soon his strength doth fail him,
He can not further go ;
He sees that thou art still above,
And he must stop below.

COCKERHAM'S SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Contentment, then, what art thou
But fairies of the thought?
A something reckoned real,
Not found, but ever sought.
But yet thou art the grandest thing
That man can have in view ;
Thou causest every business man
To press his business through.

COCKERHAM'S SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

JOHN COCKERHAM married in a day
When money came almost for play.
His farm was stocked with cattle fine,
With horses, sheep, and lots of swine.
His barn loft it was full of oats,
His barn lot it was full of shoats.
His sheep he sheared the year before,
He picked his wool—he feared the store—
So that when Peggia was brought in
She could at once begin to spin.

She made their cloth, all that they wore.
John bought but little from the store.
He raised his coffee, bread, and meat—
In fact he raised all that they eat.

COCKERHAM'S SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

He never paid a hotel bill,
He never patronized a still ;
His stock he sold it very high
To those who wanted and would buy.
His grain, all that he had to spare,
For cash in hand he'd always share ;
Or, what was better in his sight,
He'd work some orphan day and night,
And give him when he went away
A peck of corn, and then would say :
"This more than pays for what you've done ;
Now take it to your ma, my son."

He fed his men on sour milk whey
While they were harvesting his hay.
He gave his buttermilk to hogs,
As he had no expensive dogs.
His butter, this he always sold,
As it was likely to get old.
His income it was very great,
He owned quite soon a good estate.
His father giving him his land
Left him some ready cash on hand.

But money without brains to suit
Is like a plant without a root,
Or like the dew upon the grass—
When sunshine comes the dew will pass ;
Or, like the winter wool of sheep,
It sheds on thorns for fowls to reap ;

COCKERHAM'S SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Or, like the slippery grains of sand,
When pressed upon will leave the hand.

Now John's great gain had reached its hight,
Its time had come to take its flight.
His houses now he must repair,
Must weatherboard them to the air,
Must ceil them tight and warm within,
And make them tidy as a pin.

So Critzer soon he did employ
To do the work, he and his boy—
For they were known to be the best
That Lee county had e'er possessed.
They went to work one morning soon,
They worked along till nearly noon,
When Peggia rang the dinner bell,
And John remarked, "You done right well.
Now let's go in and eat a snack,
And then you men can come on back.

"Right here, old man, you take a seat.

We have not very much to eat.

Old friend, it's rather cool to-day,

Would you have a glass of whey?"

"Whey," said Critzer, in alarm.

"Whey, is that a product of the farm?"

Whey!" then he dried his eyes with silk.

"Whey? why that's the water off of milk."

"Ye—ye—ye—ye—yes," John said.

"Peggia, dear, take up your bread,

COCKERHAM'S SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

And set your sorghum down to-day,
Mr. Critzer don't like whey."

"Now, John, my roughness please excuse,
But such as this I must refuse ;
For when I work I'm bound to eat
My coffee, butter, bread, and meat.
And at the close of this I'll say,
I'll drink your milk, but not your whey."

To John this talk was plain at home,
The crisis of his life had come,
For in the old man's bill of fare
He named one thing that's very rare—
Coffee—coffee heads the list.
John clasped his hands and shut his fist ;
But to the store he's bound to come
To save a fuss at his own home.
He bought a pound and took it in,
So early supper might begin.

Now Peggia cooked a ham of meat,
She set her butter down to eat,
She baked her bread in loaves and squares—
John thought it would feed a dozen fares.
She browned her coffee, made it fine,
And soon they called again to dine.

As Bill had kept his peace at noon,
His time was coming very soon.

COCKERHAM'S SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

His appetite, it was a sight,
Had grown from morning until night.
He soused his fork into the meat,
And like a hound began to eat.
He took out butter on his plate—
Enough to have brought a dime by weight—
And crammed the bread into his mouth
As though it grew in time of drought.
And Critzer, now, as he was blind,
No fault to any thing could find.
The worst of all, this had to run
Three months or more before 't was done.

To compensate this great outlay
He bought ten calves in Arthur's day.
He aimed to sell them in the spring
For every dollar they would bring.
But just as Cleveland took his seat
Poor Johnnie met with his defeat.
Republicans events foretold,
And while their stock was high they sold.
This glutted all the markets so
It left poor Johnnie little show.
And now, of course, must carry all
Through the summer and the fall,
Expecting they would be quite high,
As many persons had to buy.

But just upon the dark of moon
There started up a drought in June.

LIARS AND TATTLERS.

This withered up his pastures so
His stock, of course, refused to grow ;
And just upon the eve of frost
He found that two of them he'd lost.
The other eight were very thin,
And winter now was setting in.
Now what was left for him to do
But feed them up and take them through.

He carried out from his barn door
Hay that he'd cut the year before ;
He scattered it among the eight
As best he could to keep it late.
But, just when March began to blow,
His stock all drifted in the snow.
But yet he has his house and farm,
No stock is left to do him harm.
And now, since Cleveland's lost his seat,
Perhaps he'll have enough to eat.

LIARS AND TATTLERS.

THE longer I live, and the older I grow,
The more I learn, yet the less I know.
But I've learned one thing which I'll not forget,
That liars and tattlers are living yet.
And yet there are those who believe all they say,
If they tell them a lie at the close of each day.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Kentucky is cursed with a host of these,
Who gather together like watering bees.
They talk of the fashions a little while,
Till that is exhausted, and then they smile.
They call for their pipes and begin to smoke,
And on some neighbor they tell a joke.

O when will the whims of such people die out,
Or when will the world of this class have a doubt?
If it ever should happen in the time of my day,
I will cheerfully take back all that I say.



VOYAGE OF LIFE.

RIGHT prospects, how they gather round
The youth at eight or ten,
And how he longs for years to pass,
When he will be a man.

In manhood's days he doth expect
Some place of fame to fill,
With all the joys that earth can give,
And liberty of will.

To school he goes with playmates dear,
He learns to read and spell;
And with his love for other things,
He loves some girl too well.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Ethereal skies with angel's wings,
And pleasures round him hover.
It thrills his heart to think about
Or be beside his lover.

The world now just before him,
With all its scenes of life,
Can not impress the idea
To live without a wife.

As days elapse and years go by,
With joys and sorrows blended,
He finds himself a married man,
And then his joys are ended.

So is the voyage of life begun,
Two hearts they steer together,
Not knowing how the boat will run,
Nor how will be the weather.

The cares of life have now begun,
His joys emerge in sorrow ;
He sees his duties for to-day,
Foresees them for to-morrow.

The animating things of earth,
That he hath dwelt upon,
Are found to vanish from his sight,
Not even leaving one.

When manhood's middle days are reached,
Smart children hath he eight,

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Six of which must dine at once,
The other two must wait.

His animations now begin
A second time to live,
He quits the castles built himself,
And to his children give.

He sees the people's wants and needs
Of men of education ;
He thinks he has a son or two
Who soon will rule the nation.

His daughters, now, what must they do ?
Of course, his good intentions,
To marry all to rich men's sons—
This equals U. S. pensions.

But, as the father looks around,
And counts what it will cost
To reach the goal he's marked for them,
He finds again he's lost.

And so, as days and years go by,
His sons, O how they tease him ;
His daughters marry worthless men—
They did not aim to please him.

And so, when all his children're gone,
The old man's left alone ;
And yet he still must toil along,
As he has always done.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

A quiet life he favors now ;
His Bible and his prayers
Take him beyond these earthly things,
Where there are no more cares.

So cares have always met him here,
His aims he never won ;
But hopes, in future worlds of bliss,
To find a better home.



DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

IN the year of one thousand four hundred,
Plus sixty, its half, and then two,
The printing press, though but an infant,
Was telling the world something new.

By diffusing the light of old thinkers
To those that but little did know,
The world soon began to consider
That she was progressing too slow.

The form of the earth and its surface,
Not known to the people of old,
Was left to decide by Columbus,
And the press his great knowledge soon told.

He tried to raise men and raise money ;
To sea he was aiming to go,

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Sail west and discover old Asia,
As no other man had done so.

Too poor to defray the expenses,
Though knowledge he had a great part,
Yet he knew that without men and money
He never, no never, could start.

He appealed to the kings of his country,
Endeavored his plans to explain;
But they laughed when he asked them for money,
And told him his plans were in vain.

But one other hope yet he cherished—
Queen Isabella ruled Spain in that day.
She told him she'd furnish him money
The expense of his voyage would defray.

One morn on the third day of August,
In the year before mentioned to you,
He started from Palos, in Spain,
Equipped with his vessels and crew.

So out on the sea he now journeyed.
The Canaries, he aimed for their shore.
He stopped and took in food and water,
And was out on the sea as before.

He now sailed forty days westward—
This unknown sea he would cross,
Or lose his life in adventure,
And the world never know of his loss.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

His crew in conspiracy were forming,
His body to throw overboard,
Return to their land and their country,
And never no more go abroad.

But a gun at this time being fired
From the mast of the Pinta, ahead,
Announced the glad cry of discovery,
And the whole crew with joy then were fed.

It was sunrise, the twelfth of October,
When he stepped on this new land and shore.
'Twas one of the Bahamas islands,
That history will tell evermore.

He explored the land he discovered,
Took possession of it in the name
Of the queen that so liberally furnished
The means by which his crew came.

He then with his crew bound homeward,
With specimens of what he had seen,
Carried them back to his harbor,
Delivered them up to his queen.

His people, amazed and astonished,
Inquired of where he had been;
And now the kings of that country
His enterprise would engage in.

The news as by magic was carried
To all of that country around,

THE HAPPIEST MAN ON EARTH.

And the cry of the mass of the people,
“New land, far away, has been found.”

Columbus, the Gem of the Ocean,
Had broken the surf and the foam,
And thousands were willing and ready
Across the blue sea now to come.

So you see how the white man first came here.
Columbus had broken the way,
And thousands of others soon followed,
Some of whom came for to stay.

When we think of our cities and harbors,
And our land that we cherish to-day,
We should cry Hallelujah, Columbus !
The man that had broken the way.



THE HAPPIEST MAN ON EARTH.

MANY puzzle their brains and their wits to find out
The happiest man that's on earth ;
But it's clear to my mind, at a glance, without
doubt,
'T is the man without reason or worth.

All the cares of the day from him vanish at night ;
When he lies down to sleep he can rest ;
He's not counting his gold that is out of his sight,
Not thinking of those that's distressed.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

As day is to day he provides for his wants,
Has nothing to lose or to fear ;
As hour is to hour he is living a life
That will pass without even a tear.

He sees other men in a struggle for wealth,
In trouble they seem to appear ;
He's wondering why men should so foolish be,
When they have both to eat and to wear.

He is always content, though his rations be light ;
No man he would wish to control.
Will it matter to-morrow what he haveth to-day
Oh, no ; it will not—not at all.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

HERE lives an old man in our county,
His years are some sixty, I guess.
Though his greed has made him a fortune,
He's living in shame and distress.

He was always too stingy to marry.
“A woman's expensive,” he said ;
“For the most of them like to drink coffee,
And all of them have to have bread.”

Just visit his house and behold him ;
Please look at his skillet and tray ;
Then dine with him from the oven,
And learn of a bachelor's way.

LOVE.

When he lies down at night he's in wonder
If burglars will enter his door,
Destroy his life, and discover
The gold hid under the floor.

'Tis horrible thus to describe him.
The rest you can easily guess,
When you know he's a man without mercy,
A man in the deepest distress.

Young man, will you live as he liveth,
Considering his profits and gain,
Or will you be wise and take counsel,
From bachelors ever refrain.



LOVE.

 LOVE, the power that binds the heart,
In fetter and in chain,
And he is blessed whose love is blessed,
But woe to love in vain.

Love builds her castles in the air,
With fairy creatures plays,
Can't see into the future far,
But hopes for blissful days.

Love hides a multitude of faults
That are to others known,
Is blind to every thing but bliss,
Can't see the wrongs when shown.

ADVICE FROM THE OLD.

Love lurks in fairy blossoms bright,
As butterflies in May ;
Don't dream of Autumn or of night,
Until the close of day.

'Tis this that binds our hearts at home
In brotherhood and peace ;
And if no love existeth there,
There is no joy or bliss.

Love stirs the spark in youth to flame,
Unites the young and fair ;
Though little of this world they gain,
They've joy, for love is there.



ADVICE FROM THE OLD.

IF I could call back to my childhood—
We often hear old people say—
I'd spend my life quite different,
I'd start in an opposite way.

If a child now, I'd treasure the moments,
I'd study my lessons at school.
I ne'er would be found with a loafer,
Or caught on an idler's stool.

The years I have lived through in toils
Have taught me this lesson of truth,
That men of renown in the nation
Have paved their own way from their youth,

But now the bright day has passed by me,
To children I only can say,
If I could call back to my childhood,
I'd start in an opposite way.

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